

THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1825.

"The play, the play's the thing."—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF

MRS. YATES.

(LATE MISS BRUNTON.)

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

TO G. J. DE WILDE,
On his forthcoming volume of Poems.

Deem not that friendship warps my judgment when
I praise the varied efforts of thy pen ;
Nor fancy that enthusiast-dreams allure,
When I pronounce thy venture most secure ;
Secure, at all events, to win the wise,—
To warm kind hearts,—and moisten gentle eyes ;
Worldlings thou wilt not win—and canst despise :
Yet must thou peril much for such a prize,
Nor would I hide thy danger—or disguise ;
The hireling critic shall assail thy lays,—
And the false friend, with “ faint ” and “ damning ” praise,
Harm thee yet more ;—the ill-judging flatterer
May lead—but, no!—not tempt *thy* soul to err ;
Meanness shall envy,—Pride shall seem to scorn
The intellect that makes it feel forlorn ;
But thou, if right I deem of thee, shalt rise
Superior to these petty enmities ;
A fitting day shall follow thy fair dawn,
And thou shalt win and wear the gentle crown
That Genius, soon or late, will make its own.

Feb. 16, 1825.

J. W. DALBY.

BEETHOVEN.—There has recently appeared at Vienna a collection of the works of the celebrated **BEETHOVEN**. It extends to fifty-one volumes folio, and contains four thousand pages of music.

HOME's tragedy of “ *Douglas* ” has been translated into Italian, and was recently produced on the stage at Genoa with effect.

Prince **CHAKHOWSKY** is considered as the first comic Russian poet of the day. He is principally known as a dramatic writer, and has already published more than fifty pieces for the theatre.



THE DRAMA;

OR,

Theatrical Pocket Magazine.

No. V.

FEBRUARY, 1825.

Vol. VII.

MRS. YATES,

(LATE MISS BRUNTON.)

"By heaven! that thou art fair, is most infallible: true, that thou art
beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely; more fairer than
fair; beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself; have, there-
fore, some commiseration on thy heroical vassal!"

LOVE'S LAB. LOST, IV. 1.

THE dearth of genteel females has ever been a subject
of complaint against the English stage; and it certainly
appears surprising in a nation so justly celebrated for
that delicate mixture of reserve and frankness which
constitutes the charm of female manners. Many have
attempted to explain the cause of this scarcity and much
has been said on the subject, which might have been
fully explained by a single truism, viz. that if a woman
be not naturally genteel nothing on earth can make her
so. Actresses in general, however, are doubtless of a

different opinion, or we should not see so many instances of failure on the part of those, who, mistaking inclination for ability, attempt genteel comedy, under the erroneous idea that by so doing they instantly become the very pink of elegance and gentility. Mrs. YATES forms an exception to the general rule. Nature has gifted her with an elegant figure, a pleasing countenance, a pair of beautiful eyes, and an admirable set of teeth ; which, added to ease and freedom of manners together with a modesty of demeanour, may naturally be imagined to form a very pleasing contrast when opposed to the attempts of certain would-be ladies, whose interest enables them to perform in characters for which they are utterly unqualified. Previous to venturing upon the metropolitan boards with only sufficient genius "to fret her hour upon the stage," she appears to have been fully aware of the difficulty of her calling, wisely to have qualified herself by provincial experience, and to have waited a favorable opportunity of displaying her powers, rather than hastily launch forth with pretensions only ; she has, therefore, unlike most of her contemporaries who have lately appeared, gradually gained upon the good opinion of the public ever since her *débüt* on the metropolitan boards.

It will be expected that we should present our readers with a biographical memoir of this charming actress, but there is almost an anomaly in the term as applied to Miss B. she is young and her life has been chequered with none of those entertaining and extraordinary circumstances which constitute the principal charm of biography ; and yet where singular talent has been displayed and public admiration strongly elicited, where youthful years have evinced maturity of genius and taste, curiosity is excited, and we naturally feel anxious to learn any particulars of the earliest stages of those whose spring of life has put forth blossoms so lovely, and promises a summer so fruitful. We are confident that the peculiar elegance and characteristic refinement of manner of Miss BRUNTON has excited the most lively interest among those who have witnessed and admired her performances, and for this reason we have no doubt

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the few particulars we have here recorded will be found to afford some amusement.

We have it not in our power to distinctly trace the origin although progress and developement of her histrionic talent, for even her father, who has spent his whole life upon the stage, was not aware of the latent existence of those powers, which have burst on him with the same blaze of unexpected lustre as they have on the theatrical world.

Mr. BRUNTON, the father of this lady, is perfectly well known to the public, having for several years maintained a most respectable rank on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. Since his retirement thence he has been occupied in the management of several country theatres, principally that of Birmingham under Mr. ELLISTON, till in 1815 he undertook the conduct of the elegant new theatre then lately erected at Lynn, in Norfolk. This county was the birth-place of our fair heroine, she having been born at Norwich, on the 21st of January, 1799. Her education was such as became a lady who never evinced a deficiency of talent, and the circumstances and situation of whose parents entitled her to look forward to a respectable society and establishment. Her early years were distinguished only by the display of those amiable and engaging qualities of mind and person which then began to excite that esteem which she has never failed to command amongst all those who have ever had the pleasure of her acquaintance. So far from testifying the slightest propensity for the stage, she had uniformly expressed for it a dislike approaching to aversion, till her father undertook the management of the Lynn Theatre, when her amiable solicitude to contribute what she then suspected to be her feeble mite towards its success, and to relieve her father from the burden of at least one out of ten children, extorted from her a wish to try her powers in the profession he had always followed. Equally averse either from urging or cramping her genius, he expressed his acquiescence and left the choice of character to herself. After some little hesitation *Desdemona* was fixed on, and as Mr. C. KEMBLE was then playing at Lynn he was cast for

Othello. This *débüt* took place on the 15th March, 1815, Miss B. being then but 16 years of age. The town of Lynn comprizes a most respectable, and in some measure, a literary society; they are liberal encouragers, and at the same time, correct judges of theatrical merit. Never was judgment more unequivocally pronounced; the applause and admiration of the audience amounted to rapture; Mr. C. KEMBLE declared that he never witnessed so successful, so promising a *débüt*. In years comparatively infantine, and to the stage quite new, she seemed to start into the possession of powers which years of study are sometimes in vain devoted to attain.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy of this performance her father with a nicety of discrimination, which has always characterised him, fancied that her peculiar excellence tended more towards genteel comedy, and that her talents would be more decidedly successful in giving the living portraits of the best female characters that our finest comic writers have produced. He advised her to attempt *Letitia Hardy*, and in compliance with this suggestion she undertook the study, and shortly after her first performance, played this part to the same audience. Gratifying as had been her first reception it was exceeded on this occasion, and the applause she received in this character stamped her a child of the comic muse, to be devoted to comedy's purest and most refined school.

After performing two or three characters with equal success, Miss B. was engaged by Mr. ELLISTON to play at Birmingham, where she had the satisfaction of performing *Letitia Hardy* to the only performer who adequately represents the refined and elegant *Dorincourt*. She subsequently appeared at the several theatres of Worcester, Shrewsbury, and Leicester; continuing the same career of success she had so happily begun, and increasing in experience and renown. Her father, sensible of the advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the stage and of the complete self-possession which it alone could give, would gladly have withheld her from the ordeal of a London audience till she had overcome that diffidence which resulted from the natural modesty

of her disposition; but which is sometimes so embarrassing to a performer. The delight, however, which Mr. HARRIS (the then proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre) had experienced from witnessing some of her performances filled him with impatience to present her to the audience of his own theatre. At his solicitation she came to town and made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in *Letitia Hardy*, on the 12th of September, 1817, which we well remember to have witnessed. The London audience did but confirm the judgment which had been so unanimously passed in the country, and nothing could exceed the brilliancy and enthusiasm of her reception.

Her delineation of the part was such as to excite a very favourable impression; it was chaste and pleasing, and of great promise. In the assumed rusticity of the character she kept laudably within the modesty of nature, and with sufficient of the droll to evince comic talent of the first order, did not overcharge the picture. In the masquerade she danced a minuet in a manner that justifies our opinion of her gracefulness.

Her next appearance was in the charming character of *Rosalind*, so peculiarly adapted to the excellence of Miss BRUNTON's style of acting. In the former part she had danced the *Minuet de la Cour*, instead of singing a song, and it had therefore been presumed that she could not sing. The bill which announced her for *Rosalind* made no mention of the *Cuckoo Song* incidental to the character, and the audience therefore did not expect it. When the symphony was commenced a pleasing surprise was excited amongst them, which her execution of it converted into the most rapturous applause. Sweetness of voice, correctness of execution, depth of feeling, and delicacy of taste are the distinguishing traits of her vocal performance. *Violante*, *Olivia*, *Beatrice*, *Lydia*, *Miss Hardcastle*, and some other characters have sufficed to draw forth her talents and fix her rank in the estimation of the public. In the latter character we verily believe she has no rival, it is a performance of the chastest description, and may challenge competition, with that of any actress by whom it has been played.

Her principal claim to general approbation is founded on her natural and spontaneous adoption of the best school of acting; too young to play from imitation she brings to mind strong recollections in the old admirers of Mrs. ABINGDON and Miss FARREN. That chaste, lady-like style of acting which displays all requisite vivacity, removed from forwardness and flippancy, a natural and fascinating playfulness, an interesting *naïvete*, and a refined taste, combined with all necessary energy and correct feeling are the qualifications we have always admired in Miss B.; and there is added to this a charm which we can resolve into no other than the old expressive French epithet of a *je ne sçai quoi*, which pervades her acting and distinguishes it from any other performer of the present day.

The impression which her performances made on the public was such as to induce Mr. HARRIS to conclude a three years' engagement with her at a liberal salary, during which period she continued to delight by the novelty and brilliancy of her exertions. At the conclusion of the term she took a very extensive tour, comprehending in her rout the towns of Birmingham, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. &c. which we are happy to say proved as satisfactory to those who had the delight of witnessing her astonishing progress, as it proved lucrative to herself. At the conclusion of her theatrical engagements her father opened the West London Theatre on his own account. Miss B. became the principal focus of attraction to a considerable part of the fashionables at the West end of the town. An account of her performances at this house will be found, on referring to our Vol. III. pages 243 *et seq.* and Vol. IV. p. 50.

Miss BRUNTON has lately become the wife of Mr. YATES, the actor, of Covent Garden, and we trust that she will experience that happiness in the married state which her amiable qualities so well entitle her to: we have correctly ascertained that those qualities which adorn private life and are most displayed in domestic and social relations are no less conspicuous in this young lady than the force of talent which delights the public; that she can be as well as *act*, the amiable woman.

If in perusing the memoir of this young lady we have insensibly produced her panegyric, it is candour and sincerity which has drawn it from us; we are confident our readers will admit its justice, and that it is but the echo of their own feelings. There is nothing wanting in her performances which time and experience may not supply. She is a fine spirited woman, whose capacity has enabled her to turn to the best advantage the dramatic instructions she has received from her father, and it gives us sincere pleasure to find we are likely for the future to have the gratification of seeing her a regular supporter of the regular drama, as she has accepted an engagement at one of the London theatres, together with her husband.

The author of "*Theatrical Portraits*" has given us a pleasing portrait in the following elegant tribute to

MISS BRUNTON.

The God of Love from Venus wandered far,
His friend was Hope, his guide the evening star:
On beds of flowers the dews of twilight wept,
Nor woke a child who on some roses slept;
Its little arms a mass of flowers embraced;
Upon its breast a beauteous dove was placed;
With fond attention and with aspect mild,
It seem'd to guard the slumbers of the child;
And all who saw that infant and that dove
Thought that 'twas Virtue keeping watch o'er Love.

THALIA passed, and CUPID smil'd to see
The playful goddess of gay Comedy;
They then invited, and enraptur'd came,
To rear this lovely HEBE up to fame;
One taught the babe his tend'rest, dearest wiles,
The other dress'd its little cheeks with smiles.
And thus, when thou wert born, sure Love was by,
Imparting radiance to thy sparkling eye;—
THALIA gave thee every pleasing art,
And nature's sun-beams glanced along thy heart.

Hail, beauteous *Rosalind* ! with every grace :
 Youth in thy person, beauty in thy face !
 Thou well may'st charm with that bewitching tongue
 Sorrow from age—and fond hearts from the young ;
 Thy mien is graceful, and thine eye as bright
 As the first star that decks a Summer's night ;
 And, O ! a smile upon thy cheek reposes,
 Sweetly as *CUPID* on a bed of roses.

Fair *Lydia* still pursue thy bright career ;
 Let others rob us of the sigh and tear ;
 Whilst thou, more kindly, from the cheek of care
 Shall banish grief, and place Hope's dimple there.

Oh ! long may'st thou survive to charm the age
 As *Lady Teazle*, and *Orsino's* page !
 And when at last you quit the busy scene,
 May smiling Friendship, with a brow serene,
 Give thee a welcome to her radiant shrine,
 And with her beams illumine thy life's decline.

THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

—
 No. XVI.
 —

THE GRECIAN HEROES,

IN TWO ACTS.

(Concluded from page 136.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Tent of AMURATH.*

Enter AMURATH.

Am. The tardy morn at length approaches. Time
 has methinks changed his feathered pinions for wings of

lead. No news of IRENE. I've sent a body of horse who lie in ambush to take advantage when the blow is struck. MAHOMET grant IRENE a safe and happy return.—OSMAN,

Enter OSMAN.

seest thou from the hills any stir in the Grecian camp?

Os. All, my lord, appears tranquil.

Am. Hie thee again and quick return.

Os. I will, my lord.

Am. She should have returned long ere this. IPSILANTI dead we've nought to fear—the fires of his energy once extinct the flame of liberty will expire for ever. *(a shout)* Hark! she comes—she comes—*(another shout)* the day is ours. IRENE, IRENE—*(runs to the door of the tent and is met by OSMAN conducting ODYSSEUS prisoner—AMURATH starts back)* where is IRENE, my wife.

Os. Since yester eve I have not seen her—here, my lord, I have—

Am. Fool!—Is there no monk among the troop?

Os. What monk, my lord? This prisoner has been seized at the outposts by the watch.

Am. And who art thou?

Od. ODYSSEUS!

Am. Ah!—Where's IPSILANTI?

Od. A few hours since well in his tent—ere long he'll give thee a meeting.

Am. She has failed, she has failed—didst thou, didst thou see or hear aught of a friar?

Od. I did, and, suspecting him to be some villain in disguise, I pursued the wretch, who bent his hasty course towards thy camp.

Am. So far 'tis well. Art thou not he who lately fled from Selim?

Od. I am.

Am. So ever fly the prophet's foes!—Could I but gain this chieftain, IPSILANTI yet might fall. Greek can only be opposed by Greek *(Aside)*. Art thou not weary of a successful cause?

Od. I do not understand thee. If aught of weary—
and proceeds thence, 'tis thou must feel it.

Am. Pitying the fatal error of thy countrymen our gracious Sultan restrains his mighty vengeance; but beware they tempt him not too long. E'en now he purposes to annihilate thy nations.

Od. Pity, sayest thou: keep pity for thyself, for much thou needst it. Pity! was't pity then that caused the murderous massacre of Scios; was't pity that bereaved wives and husbands and made children orphans? 'Twas kind, 'twas very kind, knowing this world has much of care and trouble in it, to send its unhappy creatures from so bad a state. Think not, however, we are wanting in that benignant feeling—we too can pity. The noble *IPSILANTI*, pitying your long and doubtless stay amongst the Thessalian hills, is willing to rouse your slumbering energies and give you such another meeting as late he gave you when you, fearful of destroying so many precious lives, fled with your numerous host—in pity fled.

Am. Young man, didst thou love thy country thou wouldst wish it peace.

Od. 'Tis peace we wish for, but not the peace that thou canst offer. Hast ever marked that sweet serenity of nature, when the sun's fervid rays are tempered by the soft breath of Zephyrs; when the light quivering of the leaves; the dulcet melody of the feathered choir; the rippling of the peaceful waters; soften each harsher feeling of the soul without enervating its vigor? refreshing peace like this we could and will obtain, though bought with life itself. The peace thou offerest is like that oppressive, deceitful calm which ever precedes the terrors of the storm.

Am. Be wise while yet thou mayst. Forsake a cause which only lives thus in our forbearance, ere thou art buried in its ruins. The Sultan offers dignity and wealth unlimited if thou wilt lend thy aid to crush this rash rebellion.

Od. Dignity and wealth! What dignity can atone for loss of virtue. Mistaken man! dost think that dignity consists in empty titles, gaudy trappings, or superfluous retinue? True dignity dwells in the soul. The man of strictest rectitude of heart, whose every

thought and feeling bows to virtue's call—this man is dignified indeed. This man can never be ashamed; amidst the tumults and contentions of the world he feels tranquil and serene; fixed as a rock, the invading billows only tend to shew his fortitude and strength. With all thy pompous titles and mighty power to do ill thou hast no dignity: mean, servile servant of a slave, go tell thy master I am above all price that he can offer, with all his power and wealth.

Am. Insolent slave! dost thou remember thou art in my power—the rack will soon subdue thy haughty spirit.

Od. Bring forth thy rack and every torturing engine which malignant cruelty has invented; I defy them all. Stretch every limb till dislocation follows—tear my flesh piece-meal, what will it avail? what, though my flesh may quiver and agonizing sweat bedew my brow, and drop from every pore, there's that within me thou canst not injure; the immortal spirit which animates this breast thou canst not touch, and though this external form may be disfigured by torture my soul will still remain unchanged; will still spurn at all thy base and sordid offers and teach me to meet my death with triumphant fortitude.

Am. Wouldst thou not live to save thy country?

Od. Never! if life is to be purchased with dishonor. Art thou astonished at my conduct? Know, tyrant, that at this moment thousands of Greeks boast of a spirit unconquerable as mine; thousands will this day prove that I stand not alone in ardent love of liberty and firm contempt of death.

Am. Away with him—see that he be well secured.

[*Exit* OSMAN and ODYSSEUS.]

One pillar of the Grecian cause is gone, and had but IRENE destroyed the other great support, little reason should I have to fear the event of the approaching battle. Where does she linger?

Enter IRENE, *hastily.*

Ha! hast thou at last returned. Thy lengthened stay gives me some hopes.

Irene. Safely I reached the Grecian camp, and stood before the tent of IPSILANTI.

Am. What then?

Irene. The sweet tranquillity that reigned around softened my heart, and when I saw the wife of noble IPSILANTI issue from his tent—saw her lift her eyes to heaven, and heard her pray for IPSILANTI's life, I cast the deadly weapon from my hand and fled.

Am. Well no matter; one of the bravest of the Grecian chiefs has been taken while in pursuit of thee; so far thou'st done us service. Retire to the tent's extreme recess. I will no longer idle here remain, but straight proceed to action.—If thou art indeed a prophet, MAHOMET, crown thy faithful followers with victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—IPSILANTI'S Tent.

Enter ISMENA.

Is. At length the fatal day's arrived that may decide the fate of Grece. How sinks my soul with fearful apprehension as I behold each warlike preparation. Oh, could I but be assured that IPSILANTI will not fall amidst the shafts of death I should feel now at ease.

Enter IPSILANTI.

Ip. So! ODYSSEUS is missing from the camp; I fear his adventurous courage, anxious to make amends for his late mishap, has led him into danger—(*sees ISMENA.*) Dearest ISMENA, smooth thy careful brow and do not wear a face so full of sorrow and despair. Something within me whispers that this day will prove most happy for the cause of Greece.

Is. Pray heaven it may be so; and yet misdoubting fear has so seized my mind that all my thoughts are full of dire imaginings; our force is small compared with the vast host of AMURATH.

Ip. 'Tis so; but then our little band is full of fiery souls whose courage and contempt of death is scarcely equalled by their love of freedom: with us each soldier is a hero, while every leader on the adverse side is but a mercenary slave.

Is. Oh! that it were possible—

Ip. What means my dear ISMENA?

Is. Only to say—that if another leader could supply your place this day—

Ip. Nay, ISMENA, your fears have overcome your better reason. you would not wish that he to whom the state has delegated the conduct of its armies should, in the hour of extreme need, be found deficient in his duty.

Is. Oh, no—forgive me for the thought. Shall I bring your sword?

Ip. Do so, and try your skill in arming me. (*Exit ISMENA, and returns with the sword which she buckles on.*) That is well. Come forth my honest blade (*draws*) which ne'er was stained but in my country's cause.

Is. You will be careful of your precious life—you'll think of my anxious fears in the hour of danger.

Ip. I will—I will. (*Trumpet.*) Hark! I am summoned—Adieu, dearest ISMENA; do not give way to groundless fears; I shall soon return, crowned, I trust, with victory.—Heaven bless thee! (*Trumpet.*)

Is. Good angels guard thee! [*Exit IPSILANTI.* Oh! would that this day were past, and yet I fear the night. Oh! that deep sleep would close these eyes and I could wake when all was over, and greet my IPSILANTI crowned with triumph. In a few short moments the dreadful work of war will be begun. How many like myself on either side will wait in breathless expectation the portentous day's event. I will to some commanding height whence I may view the scene of horror and of blood. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*A Turkish Tent—ODYSSEUS, in chains.*

Od. By this time the armies must have met—curse on my rash imprudence that led to this confinement; would I were endowed with Herculean strength to rend these bonds and burst my prison door. Oh! that such a day as this should pass and I obliged to rest inactive. All my late efforts for the cause of Greece have been without avail, and now that a day has come in which my country calls for all her champions I am chained and

barred from glory—(*clashing of swords*) hark! the contest approaches the camp—oh! that I may be delivered ere the fight is over.

IPSILANTI rushes in.

Od. **IPSILANTI!** (*They embrace.*)

Ip. This instant have I heard of your confinement and hastened to set you free. Victory as yet inclines on neither side! (*Unloosing ODYSSEUS' chains.*)

Od. Thank Heaven I shall yet participate in the glory of the day.—Give me a sword!

Ip. You shall have one—follow me! [*Exeunt*

SCENE.—*The Field of Battle.—Alarums and Excursions.*

Enter OSMAN.

Os. Some demon sure sustains the tardy Greeks; in vain fresh troops are brought against them; immoveable they stand and defy the out numbering hosts that, like the Danube o'erswelled by frequent rains, pour down upon them. My master, **AMURATH**, like an infuriate lion, rages in search of **IPSILANTI**, who bears down all before him.—Ah! and see! the valiant **AMURATH**, encircled by a host of foes. Assist me, Prophet, to save him. [*Exit hastily.*

Enter ODYSSEUS with a Turkish Standard.

Od. Some proof at least I've got to shew I've not been idle. This precious trophy carried to a place of safety, my thirsty sword shall drink more Moslem blood. [*Exit.*

Enter IPSILANTI.

Ip. Thrice have I been within the reach of **AMURATH**, and thrice have we been separated—

Enter AMURATH.

Ah! have I at length found thee, rebel! slave! (*They fight.*)

OSMAN runs across the stage, followed by **ODYSSEUS**. *Alarums, shouts of Victory! Victory!*

SCENE.—*Tent of IPSILANTI.**Enter ISMENA.*

Is. The day now wears apace and who has gained the victory will soon be known. How I tremble with apprehension. (*Distant shout.*) Hark! I hear the Grecian shout, (*music at a distance*) the day is ours, Heaven be praised! But, ah! how many widows will mourn their hapless lot! agonizing thought; I dare not go forth and meet them—(*music nearer.*) Oh! sickening delay. A few moments and—(*loud music.*)

(*ISMENA stands looking towards the door of the tent, in breathless anxiety.*)

*Enter IPSILANTI; ODYSSEUS, with the standard.**AMURATH and OSMAN Prisoners.**Ip.* ISMENA! My dear ISMENA!*Is.* And are you indeed safe.

Ip. I am, and cannot boast of wounds though our trophies are not few or mean. (*pointing to the prisoners and the standard.*) The remnants of the Turkish host have fled in wild disorder and all the camp is ours. From our example, let other nations learn who groan under tyrannic sway, that valour and union alone are needed to overthrow the mightiest despot of the earth.

(Curtain falls.)

DRAMATIC EXCERPTA.

No. XI.

1.—*The Ancient Drama.*

The first comedy was acted at Athens, on a scaffold, by SAFFARIAN and DOLON, 562 years before CHRIST; those of TERENCE were first performed 154 years

before CHRIST; the first in England was in the year 1551. Tragedy was first acted at Athens, in a waggon, 535 years before CHRIST, by THESPIS, a native of Icaria, a town of Attica, in Greece, in whose time tragedy was carried on by a set of musicians and dancers, who, as they danced, sung hymns to the praise of BACCHUS; and that the people should have some new diversions, introduced an actor, who, between every two songs, repeated some discourse on a tragical subject.—This actor's discourse was called the episode. THESPIS also furnished satire with actors, and HORACE says he brought forth his satyrs in an uncovered chariot, where they rehearsed their poems, their faces being daubed with dregs of wine, or according to SUIDAS, painted with cerose and vermillion, to represent the satyrs, who are represented with a rod and high coloured visage. The episode meeting with a kind reception amongst the people, ÆSCHYLUS introduced two actors, and SOPHOCLES added a third, which brought tragedy into its full perfection.

2.—Theatre at Lima.

The theatre which was opened during the festivities upon the accession of the Viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long oval, the stage occupying the greater part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed exclusively of men, and that in the galleries of women, a fashion borrowed, I believe, from Madrid, the intermediate space being filled with several rows of private boxes. Between the acts the Viceroy retires to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal that he may be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his cigar, and puffs away furiously, in order to make the most of his time, for when the curtain rises, and the Viceroy again comes forward, there can no longer be any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette.—The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fire-flies had been let

loose, and the cloud of smoke rising immediately afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic than incidents really important.—I may add, that the gentlemen in the boxes also smoke on these occasions; and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff behind her fan. The Viceroy's presence or absence, however, produces no change in the gallery aloft, where the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening.

Captain Hall's Journal.

3.—Theatre at Paris.

We went to the Théâtre Français and saw TALMA and DUCHESNOIS. The play was "*Regulus*." Let him be judged, as is fair, upon the principles, and after the fashion of the drama of the French, and I should think TALMA the finest actor in the world. He is more majestic, more tender, more overpowering than KEMBLE; his figure is as great, though perhaps not so correct, and his voice is inexpressibly touching. But I saw none of the workings of KEAN's face, none of that fearful agony of the upper lip, none of the tremulous agitation of his hands and breast; TALMA's great feat was to thrust his fingers into his eyes, and to show the whites to the people.—DUCHESNOIS is a plain woman, yet she equals O'NEILL in many things; in some surpasses her. I have never heard such an unaffected, yet afflicting change of voice from declamation to grief. Every accent could be heard distinctly. The play, upon the whole, was certainly better acted than in England. There was no bad acting.

Amoif's Letters from France.

4.—Theatre in the Sandwich Islands.

CAMPBELL's account of an attempt made during his residence on these islands, to introduce theatrical amusements among the inhabitants is curious. "A theatre," says he, "was erected under the direction of JAMES BEATTIE,

the king's block maker, who had once been on the stage in England. The scenes, representing a castle and a forest, were constructed of different coloured pieces of *tapa*, cut out and pasted together. I was present on one occasion at the performance of '*Oscar and Malvina*.' This piece was originally a pantomime, but here it had words written for it by BEATTIE. The part of *Malvina* was performed by the (native) wife of ISAAC DAVIS, a Welchman, who had resided twenty years in the Sandwich Islands. As her knowledge of the English language was very limited, extending no farther than to the words yes and no, her speeches were confined to those monosyllables. She acted her part, nevertheless, with great applause.—The Fingalian heroes were represented by natives clothed in the Highland garb, also made of *tapa*, and armed with muskets.—The audience did not seem to understand the play well, but were greatly delighted with the afterpiece, representing a naval engagement. The ships were armed with bamboo cannon, and each of them fired a broadside by means of a train of thread dipped in saltpetre, which communicated with each gun, after which one of the vessels blew up. Unfortunately the explosion set fire to the forest, and had nearly consumed the theatre."

5—Opera House at Stockholm.

When the Opera House at Stockholm was on fire, the king, who was present, was saved by the presence of Madame KAYSER, an actress. Already the machinery at the end of the stage was in flames, without the audience knowing of it, when Madame KAYSER gradually approached the royal box without interrupting her singing or action. At first she made signs to the king, who did not understand her, she then, seizing a favorable moment, said to him in a low voice, "Leave the Theatre, Sire, it is on fire." The king instantly quitted the house; when, after giving him time to escape the crowd, she vociferated, "Fire!" and gaining her box threw herself out of a window, which not being very high from the ground, she escaped without injury.

6.—*Hamlet.*

Copies of this play as printed in 1604, are so scarce that its existence has been doubted, especially as it is certainly believed never to have been inspected by Mr. MALONE. However we are assured a copy exists in the collection by the late Mr. KEMBLE, and now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. We give the title as a proof that SHAKSPEARE announced it as an "enlarged" edition:—"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark; by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was according to the true and perfect coppie. At London, Printed by J. R. for N. L. and are to be got at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, 1604." 4to.

Times, 15th Jan. 1825.

7.—*Mrs. HORNBY, the descendant of SHAKSPEARE.*

This Mrs. HORNBY, a very decent, nurse-like woman in her exterior, appears very singular in mind. She writes and prints plays and verses of her own composition. From the newspapers she has made a tragedy of the battle of Waterloo, the queerest thing imaginable. The interlocutors' names are in initials, the P., K., D., Y. and the Marquis of W. She has made our ministry sitting in council, under the appellations of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Minister. In one act she has made BONAPARTE in Paris, and LOUIS a fugitive; in the next she has made the Parisians merely conjecturing BONAPARTE's escape from Elba. But her innocent conceit is the most curious circumstance of her character. She talks of her performances with wondrous approbation; she composes whenever she cannot sleep; and says that she has written some beautiful verses on the comet; but not satisfied with them, she has turned them into a play, and made SHAKSPEARE the comet. She says she often alters what she does, and that every body admires her publications. She writes a fair hand, and in her style of speaking there is no predominant vulgarity; but there

is nothing in it that can distinguish her from persons of her own class. In speaking to me she always called me "Lady" and began the sentence with it:—"Lady, I can shew you;" or, "Lady, if you will please to look." I bought of her a play. She said she had never been in London. She spoke with pleasure of seeing SHAKSPEARE'S plays, but with no discrimination; she was sure there were none like them. Speaking of her children, she called them "the little SHAKSPEARE'S;" adding, "We call them all SHAKSPEARE'S!"

Miss Hawkin's Anecdotes.

8.—Female Characters on the Stage.

It is well known that in the time of SHAKSPEARE, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented by boys or young men. However strange this may appear to those who have been accustomed to see the women's parts performed by females, it should be remembered, that in the infancy of the English stage, whole plays were performed by the boys of Queen ELIZABETH'S Chapel, as is now the case occasionally at Westminster and other great schools; and one boy (S. PARY), who died in his thirteenth year, was so admirable an actor of *old men* that BEN JONSON, in his elegant epitaph on him, says the fates thought him one, and therefore cut his thread of life:—

"Yeeres he numbered scarce thirteen, when Fates
turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he been the stage's jewel;
And did act (what we do mourn) old men so duely,
As sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one, he play'd so
truely.
So, by error, to his fate they all consented;
But viewing him since (alaa, too late!) they have re-
pentend,
And have sought (to give new birth) in bathes to steep
him;
But, being much too good for earth, heaven vows to
keep him."

This celebrated child performed originally in JONSON's "*Cynthia's Revels*," and "*Poetaster*," in the years 1600 and 1601.

9.—Dr. Goldsmith.

The death of this eminent writer is thus announced in one of the journals of the time.

1774. April 4.—Died Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—*Deserted is the Village; the Traveller* hath laid him down to rest; *the Good-Natured Man* is no more: he *Sloops* but to *Conquer*; the *Vicar* hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful lesson, from which the *Hermit* may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Grecian* or *Roman* fortitude.

10.—FOOTE v. HAYNE.

This cause has found insertion in the French Papers. "*The Journal des Debats*" begins a translation of this trial in the following terms:—

"Miss FOOTE, the first actress of Covent Garden Theatre, demanded £10,000 sterling with interest, from a very rich young man, named M. HAYNE, for having broken his promise of marriage. M. HAYNE, according to the expressions of his own Counsel, was a sort of innocent, who had been made a victim of a coquette; but, notwithstanding the certificate of *innocence* given to Monsieur HAYNE, by his own Advocate, he was condemned by the Jury to pay £3,000 sterling, 72,000 francs) damages, and costs."

11.—BARTLEMAN.

The sale of this celebrated musician's music, began on the 20th of February, 1822, and continued eight days. It consisted of 1480 lots, and produced only £1400, although collected at a considerable expense.

12.—Improvement on ADDISON's "*Cato*."

Every one is acquainted with that passage of ADDISON

in his tragedy of "*Cato*": "A day, an hour, of a virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage." Liberty appeared too cheaply estimated at this rate to a bookseller in Sunderland, who, some years ago, displayed a flag, on which was inscribed, "An hour's liberty is worth *more* than an eternity of bondage."

13.—KEAN's *Othello*.

Dumfries, January 4th. On Friday evening while Mr. KEAN was performing the part of *Othello*, and when just on the point of smothering *Desdemona*, a person in the pit, wound up to the very acme of interest, involuntarily started from his seat, exclaiming, in a tone not less impassioned than *Othello* himself, "Oh, the rascal! D—the villain; he is gann to kill his own wife!" Had KEAN beheld the look and accompanying gestures with which this was spoken, he might justly have envied such an unpremeditated burst of natural eloquence; but at all events, it conveyed a compliment to his talents, than which he will, in all probability, never again receive a greater.

14.—*The Butcher and the Passions.*

When KEAN paid his last visit to Ayr, his performance of *Othello* happened to be the subject of conversation in a shop, when a butcher, who was present, asked very gravely, whether Mr. KEAN spoke all he said out of his own head, or if he learned it from a book! Being told how the thing was, he exclaimed against paying to hear a man repeat what every one who could read might do as well as himself; an objection which was met by some one observing that the actor "did not only recite the play, but he delineated the various passions which belonged to the character." "Passions! passions!" cried he of the knife, "Gang to the fish-market, if ye want to see passions; thats the place for passions?"

15.—*Hayneous and Keantish Effusions.*

FOOTE v. HAYNE.

"May God strike me dead if ever I attempt to separate myself from you."
Vide Hayne's Letters.

COX v. KEAN.

"I will hold my little darling to my heart and sleep in spite of *Thunder*."

"I must be the worst of villains if I could take that man by the hand against whom I meditated so serious an injury--you do not know me, COX."—*Vide Kean's Letters.*

16.—*The Wolves.*

Among Mr. KEAN's epistles to Mrs. COX, is one introducing to her Mr. CROOKE, an officer of the Wolves. It is generally, but may not be universally known, that a corps was originated at the commencement of Mr. KEAN's engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, consisting of men with Stentorian lungs, whose duty it was to lead him to the skies, and by shouting and howling, overwhelm all opposition.* The system is pursued at both theatres on the first appearance of most actors and actresses, as well as on the first performance of a new tragedy, comedy, or farce.

17.—*Sterling Qualities.*

It is said KEAN has completely lost his *Footing* with the public, but that Miss FOOTE has been very *Kean* in drawing from HAYNE £3,000. This is a species of *refinement* only known to those who can *assay* the human character.

18.—*Audience Wit.*

On KEAN's re-appearance at Drury Lane Theatre (seven days after the trial) in *Richard III*, when he came to that part in which he offers the sword to *Lady Anne*,

* Our correspondent, our readers are ware, is here in error. *Vide* vol. III. page 167.

some Stentor in the two shilling gallery roared out, "*Stick him! little breeches! stick him!*" followed by the cries of another strong-lunged Olympian, of, "Do ye think to cram crim. con. down our throats."—On the same evening a *lady** in the dress circle exclaimed on the appearance of the *Aldermen* in the play, "Off, off, ye horned cattle, off."

19.—*Morality on, and off the Stage.*

Moral feeling is highly creditable to a people, but like all other feelings it displays strange, and sometimes unaccountable, aberrations. There has been no case in which it has more strikingly displayed its force than in the cause of the tumult at Drury Lane Theatre. The moral public, in the first instance, from mere desire of justice, crowd to the Court of King's Bench to hear the details of the filthy affair.—The husband, or his agents, from mere love of morality, supply the Newspapers with filthy letters, which were not read on the trial.—The Newspapers, through the mere love of morality, print these filthy productions, and wonder how any one could write them.—When KEAN's appearance is announced, the moral public wish to pay their three and sixpences and seven shillings to the offending manager, in order that they may gratify their moral rage by yelling till their moral faces are red.—The morality before the curtain, and the morality behind it, will soon be brought to their ordinary level. KEAN will be hissed off, or will make good his ground—it little matters which—while the prostitutes parade in the spacious saloons with their accustomed serenity, or overflow into the boxes, where they form a large part of the company.—Behind the scenes, the visits of gentle and noble patrons will go in the accustomed manner (so many proofs of the result of which have been lately brought to light); and the *tout ensemble* of decency and virtue which the Theatre Royal present to the world, will be restored to that

* A Query—*Printer's Devil.*

lustre, the slightest maculæ on the surface of which a moral and discerning public must be ever anxious to efface.

Walworth, Jan. 31, 1825.

W. S. P.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

" I never fram'd a wish or form'd a plan
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But in the Theatre I laid the scene."

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Dec. 28.—Der Freischütz—(Pantomime every evening).

29.—Pizarro.

30.—Der Freischütz.

31.—Cabinet.

Jan. 1.—Siege of Belgrade.

3.—Henry VIII.

4.—Der Freischütz.

5.—Fatal Dowry (revived).

This beautiful tragedy of MASSINGER's, was this evening performed, subject to the alterations and adaptations which were considered requisite for modern representation. Although by these ungracious operations we lose much of the fine original, yet, when it is considered that MASSINGER was not very choice as to the delicacy of his incidents, and that a tragedy of five hours' length in its performance was no unusual thing in his age, it must be admitted by the most enthusiastic lover of the elder dramatists, that something of omission, at least, is necessary; and where omissions are made,

the *hiatus* must have an occasional connecting interpolation: so that those who are anxious to see revived some of the best English plays, must submit to this condensation of incident, and departures, here and there, from the author's text. In the present instance these appear to have been done, we must confess, with a very free hand. It is a proud thing to feel that the present age knows how to appreciate the deathless works of the poets of olden time, and glad are we to find that managers, too, know how to estimate the taste and discernment of the public. In the dearth of living dramatic genius we have ever felt that this truth must come home to them at last. It could not be that, while intellect with gigantic stride had ranged over the whole continent of science and art, the imperishable remains of our earlier bards should remain closed from the sight of all save those who, in the luxury of the closet, enjoyed their rich store of dramatic truth and poetic power. We congratulate, therefore, the public and the managers too, on this successful revival.—The plot of this piece is so well known that a detail is superfluous.

6.—Der Freischütz.

7.—Fatal Dowry.

8.—Cabinet.

10.—Pizarro.

11.—Der Freischütz.

12.—Siege of Belgrade.

13.—Der Freischütz.

14.—Merry Wives of Windsor.

15.—Cabinet.

17.—Pizarro—Spoiled Child—Pantomime.

18.—Der Freischütz—Pantomime.

19.—FALL OF ALGIERS [1st time.]—Ibid.

This Opera is made up of very slight materials, although its performance was not over till eleven o'clock. Story, plot, or incident, it cannot boast: and in situation (as the players term it) it is lamentably deficient. The first act introduces *Algernon Rockwardine* (HORN) to our notice, and he details to *Timothy Tourist* (HARLEY), the story of his woes—of his early marriage, and his father's displeasure. *Timothy*, however, endeavours to

lighten the weight of their captivity, and determines, when liberated, upon publishing an account of the treatment of slaves under the mild government of the Algerines. *Algernon's* wife, *Amanda*, (Miss GRADDON) was also made a captive, and *Orasmin* (SAPIO), one of the *Dey's* chief officers, falls deeply in love with her. He presses his suit, but in vain; *Algernon* is within his grasp, but he promises him freedom if he will resign her to the loving arms of the Algerine. *Algernon*, like most other scenic lovers, determines rather to die than live without his wife, and *Orasmin* threatens him with instant death. At this critical moment the English fleet heaves in sight, commanded by the father of *Algernon*, and the *Dey* consents to the liberation of all the Christian captives. *Orasmin*, however, determines to make *Amanda* his property, and refuses to obey his master's order. The bombardment of the citadel then commences, and in a few moments *Amanda* is restored to her husband, and the Admiral has the pleasure of rescuing a son, whose fate he had long considered as hopeless. There is also a love affair between *Timothy Tourist* and *Lauretta* (Miss STEPHENS); but *Cogi*, an old servant of the Governor's, is smitten with her beauty, and has her placed as an attendant upon *Amanda*, in the Harem, until a fitting opportunity occurs for making her his wife. She yields a pretended consent to his addresses, and he, in the excess of his love, gives her sundry jewels which he had purloined from his master. These jewels she speedily transfers to *Timothy*, and aids his escape, by furnishing him with the cloak in which she was to have passed the guard herself, on her way with *Cogi*, to take shipping for England. This, we may remark, is the only solitary situation in the Opera. TERRY played a testy old Admiral, who will not bear contradiction, in his usual iron manner; and HARLEY was, what he always is, humorous and active. SAPIO and HORN were in excellent voice, and to say of Miss STEPHENS, and Miss GRADDON, that they sung well, is what every one who has ever heard them will readily believe. Most of the songs were *encored*, and all undervaluedly; one-half of them might be omitted, and if

the opera were compressed into two acts, it might have a chance of prolonged existence. The dialogue is unpretending, and the music without character or novelty. The house was crowded, and the opera was announced for repetition. The scenery was beautiful.

20.—Der Freischütz—Spoiled Child—Ibid.

21.—Fall of Algiers—Pantomime.

22.—Ibid—Ibid.

24.—Richard III.—Ibid.

As we have given an account of Mr. KEAN's reception this evening in our last, it will be unnecessary for us to enlarge further upon the circumstances attending it; but we conceive that we should not be acting with due justice to our readers or to that admirable performer did we let slip the present opportunity of saying a few words on the injustice with which he has been treated.

The outrageous attempts which have been made to sacrifice Mr. K. to a *pretended* regard for public morals, brings forcibly to mind the sarcastic arguments published by SWIFT in support of his "*Project for the advancement of religion and morals.*" In his time there was a great outcry raised against the progress of vice and immorality, which, it was affirmed, were on the point of producing the ruin of the state. *Cant* has been in all ages a thriving profession, and there has, therefore, never been any lack of professors. It is certainly a very easy mode of acquiring a character for humility, by preaching patience to the sufferer, and for virtue, by heaping contumely and persecution on those who have strayed from the right path. It may be questioned, however, whether the interests of society would not be more surely promoted by less violence of conduct on the part of those who hold themselves qualified to assume the censorial office over their neighbours. It may be reasonably doubted, we think, whether, on such occasions, *malignity* does not wear the garb of purity in order to satiate its dislike of the individual under pretence of its abhorrence of the offence committed by that individual. The conduct of "*The Times,*" newspaper, with regard to Mr. K. we consider to be of this description—hatred and revenge lurk under the specious pretext

of supporting the cause of morals and religion. Vice, certainly, can be justified nowhere. Any sentiment which countenances it, ought less to be tolerated *on the stage* than any where; and it is against such sentiments, whenever they occur, that an audience ought to point their reproof; and to the credit of a British audience, they rarely, if ever, fail to do so. But he knows little of the world who does not foresee the mass of mischief that would arise were this censorial power extended from the scenic language of *the actor* to the private life of *the man*. An inquisition would inevitably grow out of it, which, in a free country, could not be borne with; we should usurp an authority fraught with the worst evils of oppression. The manager of a theatre, for instance, has at all times an immense capital embarked in any engagement made with a celebrated performer. Are we justified in visiting the moral offence of the one upon the other, and involving *both* in ruin? Is an opera to be lost through the delinquency of a first-rate singer; or a pantomime to be laid aside by the dissipation of the harlequin? The common affairs of life could not go on upon such a destructive principle, and, if we were to take a more extended view of the consequences resulting from it, we should find it more dreadfully pernicious in its application than many of us on a cursory view of the subject at first sight conceive.

That we consider Mr. K.'s appearance so early after the trial as a step somewhat "too unadvised, too sudden," we are willing to allow—but the causes which led to this apparently premature act having been fully and satisfactorily explained by the manager, we must, in justice, give Mr. K. the benefit of such explanation, and we therefore cannot find him upon this head liable to the blame and imputations which have been cast upon him. The dangerous fallacy of treating Mr. K. as a public servant, in any other sense than that which would apply to the professors of any art or profession depending immediately on public favour and support, may be easily shewn. Mr. K. solicits the patronage of the public as the possessor of rare theatrical talents, and as the public finds he has or has them not, the patronage solicited is

granted or refused. *His talents only* form the groundwork of his claims on the public: without them, whatever might be the purity of his private life, he would infallibly and deservedly be hissed from the stage if he aspired to the same rank in his profession. The whole public *en masse*, and every individual in his circle, has an unquestionable right—or we ought rather to say, is imperatively bound, to exercise a censorial power over those who are properly subject to its authority, within such limits as would prevent this power from being abused as a pretext for an impertinent intrusion into every man's private affairs. Every servant who asks for confidence in his integrity, of course exposes his moral character to the most rigid scrutiny. It is a part of the condition on which we employ him, that he should live free from reproach, and we dismiss him if we find him unworthy. So it is with public servants whose morals constitute an essential portion of their titles to their stations. If they break the condition, they may be justly driven from the post they are no longer fit to occupy. But the case is wholly different with respect to men who offer us only the works of their genius in return for our patronage. For *their talents only* we patronize them, and *in proportion to the extent of their talents*. We have no right, with regard to such men, to constitute ourselves inquisitors into their private transactions. It is enough that we do not suffer our admiration of their talents to induce us to attempt to thwart the just operation of the laws against them, but let them be left to the just punishment those laws have provided. The doctrine of moral perfection is quite novel as applied to the stage. If Mr. K. had been the purest of men, but without the great talents he possesses, who would have cared whether he had passed the remainder of his days a wretched stroller, obtaining an occasional permission to play in a barn, and wandering a licensed vagrant through the country? But although it is admitted by all that he is the best living representative of many of SHAKESPEARE'S "divine enchantments," no man must endure his performance on pain of being accused of vice and immorality!! So much for the

detestable cant of the age! When the late GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, of celebrated memory, used to personate the crook-backed tyrant, who ever proposed to set on foot an investigation of his moral character, in order to determine whether he ought not to be hissed from the boards as an abandoned profligate? Who ever thought of judicially investigating the private characters of any of our actors or actresses? The very nature of the scenes they exhibit naturally leads them into the commission of acts which persons in other stations of life are not tempted with—and yet, generally speaking, we verily believe the stage at the present moment, as far as regards its members, to be a great deal more moral than in the “days of olden time.” That Mr. K. is a *public character*, is true; but he is only so in as much as his profession of necessity keeps him perpetually before the public, and in no other sense, but we must again repeat, that the public have no stake or interest in his character as a *private individual*; they are concerned with him only as an actor. It would, doubtless, be most desirable that his private character should be respectable and exemplary; but if it were so, would the theatrical public endure his defects as an actor, merely in consideration of his moral excellence as a man? certainly not. They would say, one and all, he may be a very worthy member of society *off* the stage, but we have no interest in him but while he is *on* the stage: we know him only as *Richard* or *Shylock*, or in whatever other character he undertakes to perform, and it is as he acquits himself, either ill or well, that we hiss or applaud him. On what ground, then, do the public journalists assume to summon him to *their* tribunal? Their affectation of moral susceptibility is abominable. We think that the moral character of the author of those scandalous articles in a certain paper would nearly balance that of Mr. K. if placed in the same scale. Our pages will not permit us to enter further on this subject, although we could say more upon it—but we think we have said quite enough to convince every unbiassed observer that Mr. K. is not deserving of the reprobation which these sticklers for morality have

endeavoured so unsparingly to heap upon him. He has been guilty of a crime—a crime never attempted to be palliated—for this crime the party injured has prosecuted him in a court of law, and a jury of his countrymen have subjected him, by their verdict, to the full penalty, which, after weighing the whole facts of the case, they conscientiously judged it to deserve. No rule of justice, therefore, warrants our bringing him *again to judgment* before a tribunal to which he is in no way amenable, and visit him with a *second* sentence, involving in it an infinitely more rigorous and afflictive punishment. Such sentiments have never characterized the people of England, and we sincerely trust they never will. They have too much good sense to allow them to set an example, either in the theatre or elsewhere, of a proceeding so unprecedented, so unauthorized, and so uncalled for. The principles of public liberty are interwoven inseparably with those of moral justice, and we can ill afford, in this age, to sacrifice either to the intrigues of an alderman's wife. We cannot better conclude, than by advising the public journalist above mentioned, (whose conduct has gained him an "infamous notoriety") in the words of holy writ, to "pluck out the mote from his own eye,"—and to our criminal actor to "go and sin no more."

25.—Der Freischütz—Invisible Girl—Ibid.

26.—Fall of Algiers—Pantomime.

27.—Der Freischütz—Invisible Girl—Ibid.

28.—*Othello*—Pantomime.

Though the audience of this night was relatively small to that of Monday, it seemed actuated by a spirit of more determined hostility and appeared to bring to the contest a much greater degree of system and organization. At the commencement of the evening tranquillity reigned throughout the house for some time, but the erroneous nature of this deceitful silence was, however, speedily proved by the act of a politician in the gallery, who, no doubt for the purpose of ascertaining the current of public opinion, exposed to view two placards, upon one of which was inscribed, in large letters, "KEAN for ever," upon the other, "Down with the

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to be

Times." The display of these manifestoes was the signal of uproar, which lasted through the performance of the overture, and remained unabated when the actors appeared upon the stage. After this Mr. ELLISTON made his appearance for the purpose of addressing the audience, but upon his presenting himself, the tumult increased to an alarming degree, and not being able to obtain attention, he shortly retired. Upon his disappearance, the performers attempted to go through their parts, but in vain; their voices were drowned in the din that seemed to prevail through the entire house, and which, of course, reached its greatest limit upon the entrance of Mr. KEAN; it was then the partizans and opponents of this gentleman made their most strenuous efforts, and between the noisy approbation bestowed by the one party, and the censure lavished most unsparingly and boisterously by the other, it was impossible to hear a syllable.—After the conclusion of the scene, Mr. THOMPSON came forward to announce the performance of the ensuing evening, but the clamour rendered his efforts unavailing, and he retired. Mr. ELLISTON was recognized in the boxes, and loudly called for: he obeyed the call, and presented himself amidst loud applause. He stated, that if he were indulged with a hearing, he would give a full, and he made no doubt, a satisfactory explanation.—In the appearance of Mr. KEAN, at this particular time, he would be believed when he said he never felt such embarrassment as at that moment: his wish had ever been to contribute to the amusements of the public. In the present instance, a particular engagement was made by him with Mr. K., unavoidable in its nature, as subsequent arrangements had been entered into for other engagements. This was the cause of his appearance. He should also state that upon the Saturday previous to the public exposure of a late unfortunate transaction, he was informed by Mr. K.'s solicitor, to whom he made application, that no trial would take place, and consequently there would be no obstruction to Mr. K.'s appearance; upon this he wrote to Mr. K., and received an answer which proved Mr. K. to be as mindful of his (Mr. E.'s) interest as he was of his.

own. Had he known that any disapprobation would have been felt by the public, in consequence of the transaction which took place on the Tuesday after the conversation he held with the solicitor, he would have avoided any thing that would give the public offence. Here a voice from the dress-box asked why Mr. K.'s appearance was required so soon. Mr. E. answered, because it was advertised previous to the transaction. (Loud applause followed this declaration). If he declined fulfilling the engagement he made with Mr. K., it would, he thought, be joining the party against him : this he would never do. The approbation testified by the audience proved to him that the disapprobation was confined to a small number. It had been asserted the house was packed by him ; this he solemnly denied. He denied it as he valued the character of a gentleman, which he trusted he had ever maintained. He would make one request, that the audience would honour Mr. K. with a hearing, and he was ready to enter into his own defence, if he were allowed. (Loud cries of "KEAN, KEAN.") Mr. E. retired, and in a short interval returned, conducting Mr. K. His appearance was distinguished by loud applause. He seemed agitated, and addressed the audience, as far as we could collect, as follows :—He did not appear before them, he said, to ask indulgence for his private errors ; for them he had been punished by the proper tribunal of his country. He appeared before them merely as the representative of SHAKSPEARE'S characters, and he asked not a judgment upon the transactions of his private life, but the impartial decision of the British people upon his merits as an actor. If he did not enter into an explanation of certain occurrences of his life, it was from motives of delicacy, which they would appreciate, and not from any wish to spare himself a mortification, perhaps, well deserved. He might fall a professional victim to their verdict ; but he awaited their decision, and not that of a hostile and malignant press, whose utmost malice he was resolved to brave. Whatever that decision might be, he would hear it with respect, and, if against him, he would for ever retire from the stage. (Here he was evidently overpowered by his feelings.)

He withdrew amidst loud shouts of applause from every part of the house.

29.—Fall of Algiers—Ibid.

30.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts—Old and Young

Ibid.

The occurrences of this evening were nearly the same as those on the preceding appearances of Mr. KEAN—although the oppositionists were not near so noisy, and some parts of the play were listened to with attention.

Feb. 1.—Der Freischütz—Pantomime.

2.—Ibid.—THE ROSSIGNOL, or *Bird in the Bush*, a Ballet, [1st time]—Ibid.

The "*Fall of Algiers*" had been announced in the bills, but owing to the indisposition of Mr. SAPIO, the above opera was substituted.

3.—Ibid—Ibid—Ibid.

4.—Macbeth—Ibid—Ibid.

The tumults which had on the previous nights rendered this theatre a disgraceful scene of riot and confusion, were this evening "buried in oblivion," and the play and actor were received with loud shouts of approbation, and with scarcely a single interruption.

5.—Der Freischütz—Ibid—Ibid.

7.—Macbeth—Ibid—Ibid.

In consequence of the favourable reception he experienced on his last performance of this character, Mr. KEAN repeated it this evening, and performed throughout without the smallest interruption. During the evening the following curious hand-bill was handed round the boxes:

"The real friends of KEAN and the Drama are earnestly requested to remain seated, and to restrain their expressions of applause; thereby defeating the weak and despicable faction of the *Lying Mis-leading Journal*, whose Editor (righteous man!) is at this moment living in open adultery with another man's wife. What an admirable advocate for morality!—so pure!—so exemplary!—Fie upon such cant!"

8.—Der Freischütz—Ibid—Ibid.

Feb. 9.—Fall of Algiers—Pantomime.

10.—Der Freischütz—Ibid.

11.—Merchant of Venice—The Rossignol—Ibid.

12.—Fall of Algiers—THE SHEPHERD OF DERWENT VALE; or the Innocent Culprit. [1st time.]

This piece is from the pen of a Mr. LUNN. The story is infinitely absurd; and as extravagant as any thing that has appeared at the Cobourg or Surrey Theatres, and not by any means so well written. Dramatists now-a-days have a supreme scorn for grammar and good English, and they are pretty nearly on as bad terms with all proper sentiment and endurable wit. Mr. LUNN, in these respects, "wears the badge of all his tribe." As to character there is scarcely any pretence to it, and even the little that is pretended to is not much better than we usually encounter in the lobbies or at a masquerade. The characters of *Shock* and *Sir Wilfred* incline slightly that way, but the first is absurd and the last common-place. The plot is of such a simple description that a child might manufacture hundreds such:—At the opening of the piece we are introduced to a *Sir Wilfred Wayward* (ARCHER) who is a sad fellow, full of unholy desires and remorseful recollections; cruel, selfish, and treacherous; he is about to marry the heiress of *Lord Derwent*, but this event is delayed by the appearance of a travelling old soldier who comes charged with strange secrets, which touch nearly on the Baronet's life. These secrets are, that *Sir W.* having been a disobedient son was disinherited by his father in favor of a younger brother, and that this younger brother was "taken care of" in infancy by the provident *Sir Wilfred* so as to leave him (*Sir Wilfred*) incumbent of the hereditary property. This younger brother, however, was not dead, but only slept, or rather watched, for he was educated as a herdsman on *Sir Wilfred's* estate under the name of *Shock* (SHERWIN). The aforesaid old soldier prophesies to *Shock* a speedy advancement, and reveals to *Sir W.* his knowledge of the fatal secret. The Baronet murders the soldier and persuades poor *Shock* to pass for the assassin!!! The trial takes place and of course simpleton *Shock* is condemned and sentenced to death. (how awful!) But some documents are luckily discovered "in the nick o' time" which naturally

prove him to be the brother of *Sir W.*, and the real heir ; and the unhappy Baronet flings himself (in the midst of an assembled crowd and a pathetic discourse) from the summit of a precipice into a pasteboard torrent which pretends to tumble beneath. Of course he does not marry the *Hon. Miss Derwent*, nor do we learn (for at this highly interesting moment the curtain falls) who does.

Such an indifferent piece of business as this, is unworthy criticism, indeed we think we were the only ones in the house who knew any thing of the fatal catastrophe—as the whole of the audience seemed to be “all noddin, nid, nid, noddin” before the third scene had commenced.

SHERWIN played with a great deal of chastened humour and simple pathos, and the trifling success the piece has met with must be laid to the score of his talents and exertions. FITZWILLIAM was thrust into the wretched part of an Irish Jailor. He sung a vile song in a vile manner, and delivered some worn-out jokes with an appropriate consciousness of their second-rate quality. ARCHER made the funniest Baronet imaginable. Mrs. HUGHES, as *Mrs. Shock*, performed with much truth and simplicity, and two or three touches were given with a warmth and force which told highly in favour of her abilities. Miss I. PATON is a very harmless young lady without much to interest an audience and nothing to offend. We ought not to pass over Mr. YOUNGE (in the *Old Soldier*) without saying that he acted the little assigned to him with great propriety and effect. As to the merit of this drama, we must again repeat that it is of the meanest order ; it has nothing distinctive about it. We know nothing of the country except from the *title* ; nothing of the age, and nothing of the personages to which it belongs. The dresses are of the æra of the Norman Conquest, or the Crusades ; the *sentiments* are pretty nearly as old ; and the *jokes* (jokes!) several centuries older. The scenery, we are informed, represents the banks of the Derwent Water, and though charmingly painted would do as well for the Serpentine Water, the Lake of Geneva, or that of Otsego. It was but indifferently received.

- 14.—*Merchant of Venice*—Pantomime.
 15.—*Der Freischütz*—Shepherd of Derwent Vale,
 16. Ash Wednesday (No Performance).
 17.—*MASANIELLO, the Fisherman of Naples* [1st time.]—Shepherd of Derwent Vale.

A detailed account of the historical events upon which this play is founded has been already given in Vol. IV. page 43. From a perusal of which it will easily be conceived that a better superstructure on which to raise a tragedy of the first order could not be met with. The author of the present play however, (Mr. G. SOANE) has not, by any means, accomplished such a desirable event; and we are sorry to have to record its entire failure. From the well known abilities of the author we had expected it would have met with a far different fate. It would require no ordinary exertion of ingenuity to relate intelligibly the plot, for the whole play appeared to be a jumble of confused incidents, arising from, and tending to, one knows not what. The prevailing sins of our modern play-writers seem to be, that plot and incident are sacrificed to poetry and passion; or else the entire dependance is placed upon situation and effect, whilst the diction and narrative are deemed unworthy of attention. This play is of this description, and is therefore indebted to the scenery, music, and dresses for the patience with which it was listened to by a good-natured audience, who seemed reluctant to manifest their condemnation lest it should be construed into disapprobation of the principal actor. Towards the conclusion of the last act the general dissatisfaction became too apparent to be longer mistaken. The curtain fell amidst loud hisses, and when Mr. WALLACK appeared to announce it for a second representation, the disapprobation of the house manifested itself by cries of, "Off! off!" and Mr. W. very prudently made his bow and retired without re-announcing the play. The style of the piece is perfectly melo-dramatic, and more adapted for the *Surrey* or the *Cobourg* than for the meridian of Drury Lane. The part of *Masaniello*, played by KEAN, although the only one of real importance, possessed none of those fine points which he can touch with such happy effect, and

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in which he electrifies his audience. He, however, played with his characteristic energy and discrimination; but it will be sufficient for us to say that even *he* was ineffective, although he was warmly applauded in several passages. With some alterations "*Masaniello*" might make an useful *afterpiece*, but as to success in its present form—impossible; and we are sorry to observe how little the author's fame will be improved by this his latest effort. The house was inconveniently crowded in every part.

18. No Performance.

19.—Fall of Algiers—My Uncle Gabriel.

21.—Richard III.—Pantomime.

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## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

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### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

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Dec. 28.—John Bull—(Pantomime every evening)

29.—Der Freischütz.

30.—*Merchant of Venice*.

A Mr. J. RUSSELL, who, some four years ago, played low comedy characters at this and the Haymarket theatre, made his appearance in the character of *Shylock*—a part which Mr. KEAN has so peculiarly made his own, that it would seem presumption in any less distinguished performer to attempt it: we know the success of very great tragedians in the part has been but doubtful, and therefore we do not feel surprised that an actor of J. RUSSELL's talents should have completely failed. Mr. R. did not play one *scene* well: true he put something like feeling into a few sentences, but he fell off immediately afterwards. He made nothing of the first scene, nor of that with *Launcelot*, but parts of the scene on the Rialto, where he upbraids the friends of *Lorenzo* for aiding his daughter's flight, we never have

seen, nor wish to see, better played. In the judgment scene he was very ineffective: the applause he received on going out for the last time was very feeble, though he evidently had his friends in the house.

31.—Woman never Vext.

Jan. 1.—Der Freischütz.

3.—Isabella.

4.—As you like it.

5.—Der Freischütz.

6.—Clari—Animal Magnetism—Pantomime.

7.—Woman never Vext.

8.—Der Freischütz.

10.—Romeo and Juliet.

11.—As you like it.

12.—Inkle and Yarico.

13.—Inconstant.

14.—Woman never Vext.

15.—Der Freischütz.

17.—Hamlet.

18.—As you like it.

19.—Clari—Animal Magnetism—Pantomime.

20.—Inconstant.

21.—A Woman never vext.

22.—Der Freischütz.

24.—Hamlet.

Mr. C. KEMBLE this evening personated the character of *Hamlet*, and we consider it to be one of that gentleman's finest efforts. We are prevented from seeing him often in the part, by its being monopolized by our two first tragedians, and it is only when they are "wandering the provinces" that opportunity offers for his sustaining it. The opening soliloquy was finely delivered, and the line

"Let me not think—frailty, thy name is woman!"

with admirable effect. His scenes with *Ophelia* were full of tenderness and pathos; different and certainly more natural than the vehemence of KEAN. His graceful attitudes told well in the scenes with the ghost, but the closet scene is undoubtedly Mr. KEMBLE's best. The sarcasm and energy with which he taunts the Queen,

and the flashes of filial tenderness when the recollection comes across him that it is his mother whose heart he is torturing; and when he is wavering between duty and affection, when the spirit recalls him to his former sense of justice, and leaves him fixed in the resolution of revenge, the acting was admirable. These are extremely difficult points, and call for every power to be put forth. It is necessary that the actor have a nice discrimination whereby he may discover the line between the energy of the passions, and what is generally termed rant: by keeping within the boundary he maintains the interest, but one step beyond it destroys completely all the illusion of the scene. To this we need only add, that Mr. KEMBLE finely preserved every minutia of the character, and well merited the approbation which his performance elicited. Mr. BENNETT's *Horatio* was very good. BLANCHARD's *Polonius* excellent. *Laertes*, though short, is nevertheless a character requiring considerable talent in its personator—Mr. MASON is wholly unfit for it. Mr. FAWCETT's *Grave-digger* possessed great humour. The *Ophelia* of Miss M. TREE is a beautiful performance; nothing can be more interesting and affecting than the manner in which she distributes the flowers. The plaintive tone and soul-subduing melody with which she sings the poetical lines, claim great praise. The house was remarkably well attended.

25.—As you like it.

26.—Clari—Animal Magnetism—Pantomime.

27.—Much ado about Nothing.

28.—A Woman never Vext.

29.—Der Freischütz.

31.—Henry IV.

Feb. 1.—Native Land.

2.—Clari—Charles II—Pantomime.

3.—School for Scandal.

4.—Der Freischütz.

5.—Belle's Stratagem—Duel.

The fullest house of this season, indeed of any season within our experience, assembled this evening. The performance was not the attraction; the overruling anxiety was to be present at the re-appearance of Miss Foote. A more intense interest could not have been dis-

played : it was without parallel in the records of theatrical history. For many weeks past every seat in the boxes—of the dress circle—of the first circle—in the slips—all were engaged, and would have been engaged had the theatre been double its dimensions. Even part of the orchestra was appropriated to the accommodation of visitors, with guinea tickets; and an additional *douceur*, we understand, was, in the course of the evening, given even for tolerable sight-room. Not the fraction of a seat was to be had; and before the rising of the curtain, the whole interior of the theatre was crowded almost to suffocation. During the first scenes of the performance little else was heard than the din and bustle consequent on the adjustment and regulation of places: we could only observe that Mr. JONES, Mr. KEMBLE, Mrs. GIBBS, and Miss KELLY, were moving on the stage; they were greeted on their respective entrances with that applause which usually attends performers so deservedly popular. At length, at an advanced period of the first act, Miss FOOTE appeared. The utmost stillness prevailed in the house immediately previous to her expected *entré*; she at length appeared, and was received with a burst of loud, continued, and enthusiastic acclamation, such as we never remember to have heard, or known to have been equalled at any theatre, or in any public assembly. All the persons in the pit, and, with scarcely an exception, in the boxes and other parts of the house, stood up and welcomed her return to the stage with the most marked and emphatic kindness. The waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and the other usual demonstrations of popular feeling, were resorted to, to testify the gratification given by her re-appearance on the stage, of which her talents had long been a leading and most attractive ornament. There was something, too, in the manner of her appearance, which contributed greatly to enhance, while it seemed to entreat, the indulgent consideration with which the audience were inclined to receive her. She advanced with downcast look and faltering step to the front of the stage, and became affected even to tears. There was a diffidence, a timidity, and a truly distressing



embarrassment in her mode of coming forward, which, together with her beauty and the recollection of her sufferings, was calculated to "shake the *saintship* of an anchorite," and compel him to feel for, and to pity her. It was a scene which did equal honour to the audience, who duly appreciated the distress of her situation, and to the object of their sympathy, who gave such a pathetic attestation of her consciousness of it. Many ladies—and there were many present—could not refrain from tears. It is painful to pass from such a topic to one of a less agreeable or creditable character: the notice of a slight expression of disapprobation which followed the burst of acclamation that greeted her entrance. The ungracious cry of "Off, off!" escaped a few persons, in ejaculations scarcely audible from grief and shame, and which displayed a manifest dread of coming out in any thing like a tone of clear and articulate enunciation. One or two persons in the two-shilling gallery, with somewhat of a bolder note, vociferated, "HAYNE, HAYNE," which was answered by a general shout of "Turn the rascals out." The order was no sooner given than "the action was suited to the word," and the disturbers were ejected, *vi et armis*. During the last scenes of the play she did not sufficiently recover from the embarrassment under which she had at first laboured, to impart sufficient vivacity to the gay and volatile *Letitia Hardy*. However, as the play advanced, she became cheered and encouraged by almost uninterrupted applause, and she went through the third, fourth, and fifth acts, with almost perfect composure. She performed throughout with extreme propriety, and the latter scenes particularly with much arch vivacity and animation. Those parts, and there are several throughout the play capable of being applied to Miss FOOTE's peculiar situation, were seized on by the audience, and followed by loud plaudits. At the delivery of the lines:—

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

My face is my fortune, Sir, she said,"

a burst of acclamation was sent forth, almost equal to that which greeted her entrance. The two lines which

succeeded were, if possible, still more applicable to recent events, which have occupied so much of the attention of the Bar and of the public.

"Then I'll not marry you, my pretty maid,  
There's nobody asking you, Sir, she said."

The good-humoured approval that followed these lines, which was in no degree abated by the arch air with which Miss FOOTE gave them, cannot be conveyed by verbal description. At the expression of the sentence—"This moment is worth a whole existence," Miss FOOTE bowed to the audience in grateful acknowledgment of the reception she had met with. Altogether Miss FOOTE's re-appearance has been most gratifying. She has been hailed as a favorite of the public, who has been basely lured from virtue, but who is not on that account treated as an alien from its path. Every humane mind will rejoice that she should have found, as she has done, in the kindness and support of the public, some consolation for the treatment she has suffered in a quarter where she had treasured up far other expectations! Mr. C. KEMBLE played *Doricourt*. The other parts were well sustained, and the play was given out for repetition, amid general applause.

7.—Henry IV.

8.—Belle's Stratagem.

9.—Clari—Charles II.—Pantomime.

10.—Native Land.

11.—A Woman never Vext.

12.—Inconstant.

14.—Der Freischutz.

15.—Belle's Stratagem—Miller and his Men.

16.—Ash Wednesday, (no performance.)

17.—Der Freischutz—Pantomime.

18.—No performance.

19.—Inconstant—Irish Tutor—Tale of Mystery.

21.—Der Freischutz—Pantomime.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

13th Dec. This evening a burlesque drama from the pen of Mr. D. O'MEARA, the author of "*Giovanni in Botany*," was performed for the 1st time, under the odd title of "**FRANK-IN-STEAM**, or the *Modern Promise to Pay*" in comic reference to the piece which engaged so large a portion of public attention two seasons since at the English Opera House. The incidents are set in motion by the pecuniary distresses of *Frank-in-Steam*, a young medical student, who aspires to the hand of *Penelope*, the daughter of a rich retired staymaker named *De Lace-y*. Exhausted in pocket, and menaced with arrest, he resolves to risk additional peril rather than forego the happiness that awaits him in the event of being able to raise sufficient cash to bear off the lady. For this purpose he proceeds to a neighbouring churchyard, and in raising a body to supply the surgeons, the profits of which were to accelerate his matrimonial enterprise, finds, to his horror and dismay, he has given existence to *Snatch*, a bailiff, buried in a trance, who, with a writ still in his possession, pursues him with increased activity and unrelenting ardour. *Frank-in-Steam* flies in his extremity to the residence of *De Lace-y*, from whence he is driven by the *spectre-bum*, whose hideous appearance necessarily alarms and agitates the family.—After a variety of striking situations and hairbreadth escapes, *Frank-in-Steam* jumps on board a Margate steam-boat moored off the Tower, with the shoulder-tapping demon close at his heels; a struggle ensues, the former eludes the grasp of his pursuer, reaches the shore in safety, and is received by his longing bride, and father-in-law elect, who had arrived in time to witness the rencontre. A loud explosion is then heard, which is explained to originate in the *Spectre-bum* having upset the boiler, a circumstance that frees him for ever from all obligations of legal duty.—From this detail it will be seen that considerable scope is afforded for the display of broad and farcical humour, an opportunity in no instance neglected—the dialogue

songs and parodies being in perfect keeping with the drollery of the plot. The music, selected by the author and arranged by Mr. NICHOLSON, the composer of a lively ballad, sung with much sweetness and expression by Miss STUART, consists of popular air and glees. The celebrated hunting chorus from "*Der Freischütz*" is also introduced and executed in a style highly complimentary to the vocal strength of the company. Mr. VINING, as *Frank*, performed with great propriety and spirit, and BUCKINGHAM's personification of the *Spectre-bum* was inconceivably ludicrous and diverting. Whenever he appeared the house was convulsed with—an unerring test of the worth and importance of his powers. The piece was received throughout with the warmest testimonies of favour, and has been since nightly repeated with increased effect.

The following ditty, to the air of "*Kelvin Grove*," sung by Mr. BUCKINGHAM, has been nightly encored:

Let us toddle to the Bench,

Mr. Franky, O!

You must leave your loving wench,

Mr. Franky, O!

Where the spikes each debtor shields,

In well-known St. George's Fields,

Where the proudest spirit yields,

Mr. Franky, O!

For your time has long been out,

Mr. Franky, O!

You must now go up the spout,

Mr. Franky, O!

In six weeks perhaps you may,

By white-washing, get away,

Bid the turnkeys—all good day,

Mr. Franky, O!

No more at race or mill,

Mr. Franky, O!

Of life you've had your fill,

Mr. Franky, O!

Oft you've promised me to pay,

Always kept out of the way,

When approached the reck'ning day,

Mr. Franky, O!

Now I've got you safe and sound,  
Mr. Franky, O!  
In the Bench you'll soon be found,  
Mr. Franky, O!  
When you're once within the walls,  
You'll be safe from dunning calls,  
And may racket with the balls,  
Mr. Franky, O!

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## THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

Jan. 8.—*The Child of Nature*.—This piece is by Mrs. INCHBALD, and is founded upon the "*Zelie*" of Madame GENLIS. It was brought out at Covent Garden in 1788, with success, and still continues a stock-piece. It is a piece of four acts; but has been judiciously curtailed to suit it for an afterpiece. Miss MASON made her *debüt* in the character of *Amanthis*, the *Child of Nature*, and was received with immense applause. The character, from its extreme simplicity, is one which requires infinite judgment and tact in the performance of it. Its simplicity is that of nature unsophisticated, and in this the difficulty consists; for the construction of the character itself, though simplicity be its attribute, is very ingenious. It is that of a young female endowed with all the sympathies and affections of her sex, but which are subjected to none of the artificial restraints that an intimacy with society suggests, and the *etiquette* of society requires. The idea is original nearly, and the character realizes the philosophical conceit of a glass window at the breast, through which all the world may observe what is passing in the interior. To sustain the simplicity of the character, and yet give it piquancy and force, required no ordinary effort; and Miss MASON's performance was certainly no ordinary effort. We never were more pleased with a first appearance; and have our doubts whether any, the most ex-

perienced actress, could have pleased us more than Miss M. did in the character. We remark in this promising young lady's countenance, much of the contour of the KEMBLE family, but still more of their proverbial stage tact and chasteness of manner. Her voice, which is noble while feminine, is delightfully modulated; and her whole deportment was marked with a graceful confidence, dashed with a modesty becoming the occasion. There was in it a pride of mind, more than warranted by all that we saw, and a timid sense of her responsibility to public opinion. Miss M. shewed throughout the most just and minute perception of every sentiment, and expressed it with a *naïve* precision, and with an unstinted but proper degree of feeling which charmed the audience. Several minute but most beautiful *hits*, though most delicately made, told upon the audience with electric rapidity, and were rewarded with the most enthusiastic plaudits. We cannot but regard Miss M. a great acquisition to the stage; and it would be presumptuous to assign limits to her progress, though it may be predicted that she will soon overleap the boundaries of comedy. DENHAM played the *Marquis Almanza* with his usual judgment and feeling. Mr. JONES supported the part of the *Count Valencia* with skill and a becoming degree of spirit. In the scene where the *Marchioness Merida* (a part which was admirably supported by that excellent actress Mrs. STANLEY,) affects to discard him, while she betrays her affection, he was peculiarly happy.

The opera of "*Der Fletschütz*" led the performances of the evening.

Jan. 10.—*Cato*.—The history of this play is so well known, and public opinion regarding it has been so decidedly expressed, that little need be said upon it. Beyond a doubt it is the worst acting tragedy that we have. YOUNG, the poet, has made the justest and most pretty remarks concerning it. If we err not greatly, he compares it to a temple, situated in a grove of funeral cypress, which pleases taste by its just proportions, while it chills the imagination. It is devoid of passion and pathos;—even the love of country and liberty, which

is its great charm, is congealed into a severe moral virtue. The gods take care of *Cato*; and therefore he is above our solicitude. As we could feel little for the Indian who, in the midst of bodily torture, deliberately smokes his pipe, so the mental anguish of *Cato*, which he soothes by quaffing the narcotics of philosophy, inspire little compassion. One admires his cause, and reverences his principles; but secure as he is in the panoply of stoicism against common suffering, one feels little for him personally. Another *Cato* appearing to fill his place, would be ample consolation for his death. *Cato*, from its want of flexibility, or quick susceptibility of common emotion, was eminently adapted to Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, whose great fault was that he had always to draw upon his feelings at a long date. His look combined with his severe style, made his *Cato* a matchless performance. Opposed, as Mr. VANDENHOFF's style is to his, in respect of sensibility, no one could reasonably apprehend that he would fail in the character. He has a massive strength in his style truly Roman;—an elevation of mind truly patrician; and ten times more than enough of judgment and skill to assume with effect the unclouded, calm majesty of Rome's last patriot. We would say, that those who look for a full display of VANDENHOFF's powers in the part, would greatly err—his powers in it are too much “cribbed and cabined in;”—but those who wished to see “*Cato*” acted as it ought to be, will be enamoured of his performance. His performance, indeed, was most masterly, and was immensely applauded. He was throughout the *Cato* of history, and of ADDISON, which is saying all of it that can be said generally; but in passages of big thought, or high resolve, he swelled in the mind's eye almost beyond the dimensions of a demi-god. His exclamation, on hearing the fate of his son *Marcus*, “I'm satisfied,” was given as if a load of unutterable anxiety had been removed from his heart; and the still more energetic expression, “Thanks to the gods,” &c. was distinguished by a holy enthusiasm which claimed kindred with what is celestial. “Welcome, my boy!” as the corpse was brought in, told wonderfully. But we cannot enumerate all the

striking beauties of the performance. The soliloquy was most impressively delivered. In the last scene, he appeared, when supported by his attendants, the image of a mighty state toppling to its foundation; and his death was awfully grand. Mr. PRITCHARD's *Juba* was worthy, of appearing alongside of Mr. VANDENHOFF's *Cato*. The part could not have been performed better. Mr. DENHAM's *Sempronius* was fully as great, and raised even him a grade in our estimation. LEE, as *Lucius*, was very well at first; but latterly was too much of a *spoony*. Rheumatism, (with which he is much afflicted) has, we are sorry to say, spoiled an excellent actor in Mr. MORTIMAR, who appeared as *Portius*. Mr. J. H. MASON was put into the part of *Portius*; but it was his good will and pleasure to act *Bombastes Furioso* instead of it. The question, "Am I doomed to life or death?" he put as if he had been asking a watchman what o'clock it was. The audience, notwithstanding their invincible humanity, could not restrain their laughter. Mr. LYNTH's *Syphax* was a very superior performance. Mrs. SIDDONS' *Marcia*, was beautiful; Mrs. STANLEY's *Lucia*, engaging and effective.

"*The Barber of Seville*" followed, and was as well performed as it has ever been hitherto done, with the powerful assistance of Mr. HORNE, and Miss NOEL.

*From the Edinburgh Dramatic Review.*

### CALEDONIAN THEATRE, EDINBURGH.

Jan. 8.--*Charles II., or the Merry Monarch*.--Mr. RYDER has been rapidly collecting all his forces. In this very laughable piece, which was brought out last season on the London boards, Mr. COLLYER, from the Bath Theatre, and Mrs. FROMOW, from the Brighton Theatre, made their appearance. Mr. COLLYER is a most scientific and pleasing singer. His *false* *setto* is exquisite. Mrs. FROMOW as a singer wants compass, but her voice is soft and agreeable. With the exception of SHERIDAN's *King Charles*, which was uncharacteristic and feeble, the piece was well performed.



In the afterpiece, "*Midas*," WEEKES' *Justice Midas* was a first rate performance. The other characters were well supported, and the scenery was beautiful and appropriate.

Jan. 10.—*The Weird Sisters*.—This piece, founded on *Macbeth*, was got up in excellent style. Mr. RYDER's *Macbeth*, as it well deserved, was much applauded. Mr. BARRET, as *Macduff*, is the most incorrigible ranter upon the stage. As awkward soldiers are put to play the dumb-bells, he should be compelled for a certain hour every day to sing Hebrew melodies. Miss ED. MISTON, who appeared a few years ago at Drury Lane, as *Lady Macbeth*, made her *débüt* this evening in that character. Her's was a really transcendant performance; and her conception and execution of the part, reminded us, in many passages, of the great Mrs. SIDDON's. In the sleep-walking scene she greatly excelled. The music was good.

The afterpiece was "*Midas*," and was again very successful.

*From the Edinburgh Dramatic Review.*

## PORTSMOUTH THEATRE.

On Monday evening last, Dec. 27, our theatre opened for the season, after being handsomely and newly decorated—and the alterations strikingly evince the taste of the artist. The *Corps Dramatique* has also undergone some changes for the better.—Mrs. T. HILL (who is engaged by the managers for some time) made her *débüt*, after an absence of nearly five years. Our early acquaintance with this lady's abilities, and her since well-earned reputation, induce us to say, that we never saw her look so well, nor act or sing more delightfully. Whether she is moving in the train of THALIA, or warbling to the lyre of APOLLO, she equally enraptures her audience; her *Echo Song*, introduced on Monday and Wednesday evening, cannot be surpassed for brilliancy and effect. Mr. and Mrs. WINGROVE also claim

much praise. Mr. W. is presented to the public as the principal singer, and, in the parts of *Henry Bertram* and *Young Meadows*, he acquitted himself with considerable merit. Mrs. W., in *Millwood* and *Mrs. Malfort*, was highly respectable. Mr. GREEN has also made his appearance: he has good talents as a vocalist, and delivers the text with firmness and propriety. The old friends and favorites of the patrons of the drama appear to have improved with time; and we fully anticipate the spirit of our managers will be rewarded for their exertions to please the public.

W. S. P.

### TRURO AND PENZANCE THEATRES.

DAWSON's Company have been performing here (Truro) with their usual success, and produced several novelties. OSBALDISTONE and his wife were with them and sustained the principal characters with their usual ability, worthy a large theatre and more numerous an attendance than is usually found in such country towns. They left for Bristol. In addition we had CHAPMAN and his wife from the English Opera House; a very good, second-hand comic-sort of copy of my old favorite MUNDEN: he is a very young man and great expectations may be formed of him. Young DAWSON and the remainder of his company then opened at Penzance and continued by a run of varieties, pleasing as numerous, to amuse the residents and visitors at this pretty watering place. They have lately left and are now performing at Falmouth, having transmogrified the ranter's meeting house into a theatre.—This large shipping place being now without a theatre, it having some years ago been turned into a methodist meeting house.—At any rate young DAWSON has played them "A Rowland for an Oliver."

Truro, 20th Dec. 1824.

SAM SAM'S SON.



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